

—had deprived him of the ordinary confidence of youth in his intercourse with, others. His circumstances were desperate enough. Alexis, when telling us that he composed his poem " L'A&rienne " in his glass cage near the sky, during the terribly severe winter of 1860-1861, shows him fireless, shivering in bed, with every garment he possesses piled over his legs, and his fingers red with the cold while he writes his verses with the stump of a pencil.

How does he live ? it may be asked. He himself hardly knows. Everything of the slightest value that he possesses goes to the Mont-de-Pi&f; he timidly borrows trifling sums of a few friends and acquaintances; he dines off a penn'orth of bread and a penn'orth of cheese, or a penn'orth of bread and a penn'orth of apples; at times he has to content himself with the bread alone. His one beverage is Adam's ale; it is only at intervals that he can afford a pipeful of tobacco; his great desire when he awakes of a morning is to procure that day, by hook or crook, the princely sum of three *sous* in order that he may buy a candle for his next evening's work. At times he is in despair: he is forced to commit his lines to memory during the long winter night, for lack of the candle "which would have enabled him. to confide them to paper.

Yet he is not discouraged. When " L'A^rienne " is finished, he plans another poetic trilogy, which he intends to call " G-enesis." He is still at a loss for bread, but his chief concern is to beg, borrow, or, if possible, buy the books which he desires to study before beginning his new poems. At last he plunges into the perusal of scientific works, consults Ilourens on such subjects as longevity, instinct and intelligence, genius and madness, dips into Zrmmermann's account